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BE KIND

By William Walker Atkinson.

"Be Kind—be Kind," is the Message of the New Era, the Era of the Brotherhood of Man, that is coming upon the race. Coming so gradually that many of us perceive it not. Men are beginning to see the new light. They are dreaming new dreams. And they scarcely understand the meaning of that which they see and dream.

Without cold intellectual reasoning—without the weighing of personal gain or loss—without even the constraint of "duty"—Man is beginning to feel his brother's pain, and to rejoice in his joy. A new faculty seems to be unfolding into consciousness within him, bringing with it a new set of "feelings." And the message that comes from that new region of the soul is, "Be Kind—Be Kind."

From the mud and mire of modern materialism—doubt—selfishness—greed—"graft"—public and private unfaithfulness to trust—"frenzied finance"—insurance scandals—municipal corruption—cynical contempt of the world's opinion; from this slimy bed of the ocean of modern life—in spite of its filth—yes, drawing its very nourishment from the filth in which it grows—is rising the beautiful white lotus flower of Fellowship—Brotherhood—Tolerance—Kindness—Love.

The air is becoming oppressive and foul with the poison of Greed, Heartlessness, and Condemnation. We are gasping for fresh air. Soon the windows will be thrown open, and the weak will revive—and the strong will be relieved of the maddening effects of the tainted air, and will return to a sane state.

And, when all are recovered, and are breathing the fresh air of heaven, we will wonder at our former madness, and cruelty, and strife. And then, we shall wander about the glad, beautiful world, like children released from the stifling school-room. And we shall romp and play, to our hearts content—and our tasks shall seem light, for we shall throw Love and Thought into them.

And the rule of companionship in that New Life will be simple and short—it will consist of but two words: "BE KIND."

What Must I Do

SPECIAL ARTICLE



To Succeed?

By A. VICTOR SEGNO

What must I do to be successful?

That is the cry that rings out above all others in this the twentieth century. We see it in the restlessness of the masses, in the faces of the people we meet upon the streets; it is ever before us, this question so few understand how to answer.

Some have a dim conception of the meaning of success. Others look upon it as some lucky chance that descends suddenly upon a few of the fortunate ones. Thousands are striving to attain it who know not how it may be gained, consequently they are wasting both time and effort.

The desire is inborn and as there is in Nature a supply for every need, there is necessarily a way to success that is within reach of every man. Unfortunately men are looking in the wrong direction. They are looking anywhere and everywhere except within themselves. They do not know that success can only be gained by personal effort supported by personal fitness for the career in which they are to succeed.

Some possess the idea that if they could only make a big success—measured by dollars only—that they would be happy, that they would be free from trouble and responsibilities and could take life easy. My dear reader, don't ever permit such a mistaken notion to enter your head. By the very nature of things this could not be so. Such a condition would be the greatest possible failure.

To succeed means to accomplish, to do something that will be a benefit to humanity and an aid in the progress of civilization. That and that only is success. To acquire a large amount of money without having thereby promoted the welfare of your fellowmen is failure. The man who thought of the money first and his work last never became successful, but those who direct their entire force on doing some certain thing better than it has ever been done before attract a monetary reward equivalent to the effort put forth.

If you have not yet made a success it is because you have been wasting your effort.

You have spent too much time in looking for the results and have not given sufficient attention to perfecting the cause. Pay attention to the cause and the result will take care of itself and of you also.

What the world needs is progressive people, those who can do things and do them in a new way—a better way than they have ever been done before. To them it is most liberal with its rewards.

To be successful you must be original and exhibit your individuality in your work, you cannot be an automaton and succeed.

To be successful you must create new ideas, new methods and not copy what others have done. An imitator never succeeds.

To be successful you must have high ideas and be ready to work to attain them.

To be successful you must not be satisfied with your efforts until you know that you have done your very best.

To be successful you must always look up and never look down, for your life and work will always follow in the direction of your gaze—your ideal.

Don't overlook this important fact, that as success comes to you it will bring you into new environments, surrounding you with new associations and exact of you new duties, which means additional responsibilities. If you are prepared to accept these new responsibilities success will stay with you, but if you are found wanting it will quickly leave you.

The man who shirks a duty, no matter how small, robs himself of just so much mental growth and thereby delays his success just so much longer. The man who acts upon every opportunity and acts wisely always wins, while the man who falters, delays and waits until some other time invariably fails.

Again I repeat, Success is now within your own heart and brain. It is not an external condition. Opportunity exists, and it depends upon you to fit yourself into the requirements of the opportunity.

Naturally you often ask yourself, "Will I

be Successful?" No one can answer that question so well as you can. For the answer, look within. Do you find there a strong desire to excel in your work, the confidence to go ahead without fear of criticism, the perseverance to stay with it to the end, and the love of accomplishment to give zest and pleasure? If you find these qualities you have the true foundation and you have but to go ahead with your ideal ever before you, to build up a structure so permanent that failure can never come to you. If you find any of these qualities missing proceed at once to develop them, for you can if you will. No man was ever doomed to failure except by his own negligence. If you fail, the fault is your own; if you succeed, all praise belongs to you.

To acquire "easy money" which does not bear on every dollar the stamp of your personal effort, means that just so much wealth is wasted. If you were denied the enjoyment that comes only from earning what you have, you are not prepared to appreciate its value and you will derive no real pleasure from spending it. The money will not only be wasted but it will harm you for it will serve to sap your energies and weaken your talents. It will place you in the class of non-producers, a people who live in vain, because they do nothing to benefit themselves or their fellowmen.

Anything that takes from you the desire and power to create—to do something worth while, destroys the talents entrusted to you and robs you of success. I trust that none of my readers will allow themselves to get into this class of non-producers.

Our mental and physical abilities were developed by use, and there is no limit to that development if we continue to use them. That which you accomplish today—no matter how great only marks another step forward and tells that you can do still greater things tomorrow. Don't say, "I have done my best, I have reached my limit," for such a statement is not the truth. Rather say I have done so well today I shall be able to do still better tomorrow. Remember this.

Before I end this article let me say to you again that Success results from progress, and that progress is the outcome of careful attention to details—a desire to improve upon the things we did yesterday.

To go down on the pages of history as a successful man you must stamp your individuality upon some particular work—you must do it better than it was ever done by anyone else. This and this only will win for you that honorable title, "A Successful Man."

With the Bark On

By HANK REKLAW

The man who gives the least to the world pays the penalty by dying the poorest.

The dog is as much my brother as you. When you hurt him you hurt me and you.

We get out of life what we bring into it, and we shall take with us tomorrow what we hold in our hearts today.

Some people complain mightily because their life is so empty. Just as if somebody else were to blame! Fill it up! Bubble over.

What are you complaining about? What you have need of, earn it! Perhaps you have already earned that about which you complain!

When we have evolved into a consciousness that takes us out of the attitude of sinfulness, we shall know that sin is only a matter of perspective.

Look here, my brother: If you don't know where success is, you know what you can do best. Be faithful in *that*. Success is just around the corner.

I have more faith in the man who recognizes God in himself and the fellow by his side, than in the man who can only see God seated upon a throne in heaven—wherever *that* is.

While your mind is drifting smoothly down the broad surface of the stream of Commonplace, your sailing will be easy, but you will come up in the eddy where the driftwood piles. And there you will stay.

I do not know what happens to you when you tread ruthlessly upon an ant, and beat the life out of a snake with a club, but when I hear of your doing it, my heart tells me there is so much less of God in the world, and more of evil, for God is as much in the snake as in the ant, and as much in either as in you.

"THERE'S A REASON."

Here is a letter that rings true. It comes from a big soul:

"The more advertising I see in a magazine the better I know it can be and will be. A magazine with no advertising would be no magazine at all. It would be a sheet, and a mighty flimsy sheet it would necessarily be.

A magazine without advertising is an impossibility. It is to the literary part what the body is to the soul. Without advertising the world would never be educated in the eternal principles of New Thought. "There's a reason" for advertising.—E. V. Chase.

Make Nature Hustle: She Will Run to Boost, if You Do Not Need a Boost

By H. M. WALKER

What a sad indictment humanity is laboring under. It, seemingly, has little or no desire to grow. Men stand in the dark of their own shadow. They do not see things clearly. Life is only half a truth, as they look upon it. They admit Goodness but refuse to cast in their lot with her. Knowing their own folly, in their quiet, thoughtful moments, they manfully accept the blame and resolve to mend their ways.

Haven't you done so a thousand times? I have; and then, first thing we know, the old appetite for what we miscall pleasure returns, and we slip the trolley. After floundering about again until we are sick of ourselves, we "get good" again; "reform," and try some more. But the same old desires are nursed in the breast and before we know it the fires of passion are lighted again, and after the usual questioning and doubting, followed by the usual breaking away, we find ourselves at the bar of justice, and are sitting as judge over ourselves. The same sentence is pronounced, the same penalty for fools is passed upon us by ourselves, and we go about our work as if we were really entitled to some credit for treating ourselves as we would treat any one else. And perhaps we are.

But is this *life*? Of a kind; yes. But not the kind men are supposed to live.

Life—real life—is steady, a happy growth Godward. There is no sidestepping; no backing-water; no floundering about in the Shallows of Sheol.

There must be a deciding time, and from that time, every step must be made in the direction we decide to move in. It were folly to move this way today; that way tomorrow, and another way the day following. A weather-cock can do as much. Can't we as men do more?

The thought of being good, which seems to receive so much attention from many of our good orthodox friends, should scarcely enter our minds. It is of no consequence, this "being good." It is at best only a negative virtue.

What we need is a positive virtue. We must *serve* if we would grow, for it is only in service that we exercise our faculties. A passive condition is unprofitable. The mind that is not reaching out, eagerly seeking to touch fire with the great minds that have been, and are, and shall ever be, is as certain of failure as the mechanic who slips through

his work. When a man is satisfied to be nothing, Nature brings every law into play to let him have his wish. And when a man determines that he shall be something, Nature is as ready to boost him in the direction he wishes to go.

But it isn't wise for him always to be considering the proper position for him to stand in when the boost comes.

When he has forgotten he has any rights in the matter, and contents himself with simply and honestly doing his best, the boost is just around the corner.

I do not say that we ought never to ask for a boost, or expect it. It is no disgrace to take a boost—if it is out of the right door and in the direction we are moving. But we cannot afford to wait for it. Far better to make Nature get a hustle on if she wants to help in the work we are determined to do. When she sees that we are going to do it whether or no, she will show remarkable alacrity in her movement to help. For, believe me, God is just as anxious as we are to have Him, to have a finger in the work we do. And methinks even God will hurry up a little if He sees we are liable to do the work without Him.

Oh, yes, dear heart: it is a sad indictment we are laboring under. "And ye would not," holds good today. Men know they ought to grow, but they will not. Content to lag and loiter, to dodge and sidestep, they are jostled along like aimless things: stood up and knocked down like ninepins.

Anything that is worth doing should be done well, and to do it well a man must hold it within his capacity and in its field. Many a man has fallen down in an undertaking too big for him simply because he failed to exercise the patience necessary to prepare him for the work before he took it. He was not seasoned. All he thought he needed was an opportunity, when in reality it was preparation he wanted.

Perhaps for a time he made a great splash in society's plunge, and there was a scramble by the little fellows to get close to him that they might rub off some of the glory. But when the pinch came he wasn't there. Then the little fellows held an indignation meeting and heaped upon the poor fellow the bitterness of their own folly!

What is the moral of these lessons that we see every day? Just this: The only sure way

to advance is to move slowly, and without an ear turned to catch the applause. Study well what every step means, and when the right way appears step fearlessly into it.

Life is all one magnificent, munificent God. All is harmony if we train our ear to hear it. Everything that causes strife is unnatural. Anything that moves in an unnatural way to accomplish a natural end will fail in its purpose. No man can rise higher than his source. If his source (atmosphere) is in an unsettled state, he cannot hope to hold stability of character and purpose near him. These things flee the unsettled man. Harmony is not for him.

Men fain would understand God, and humbly they would lead other men to him, but if one does not live in the atmosphere of God how is he to know Him? And not knowing Him, how can he introduce others to Him. Dogmatic belief is not Godliness any more than the office desk with all its drawers and pigeon holes is the thing that makes the business go. We have seen businesses go—and go well—without any such thing as a roll-top desk within the building, and again we have seen other businesses go down with a roll-top desk at every turn. In a like sense churches rise and wane; individuals go up and down; our spirits rise and fall. We wonder at it and honestly, if thoughtlessly, seek an explanation in the material conditions surrounding us; forgetting the lesson that is taught every day, that the thing worth having is worth paying for.

No matter what our calling, if it be legitimate, the principle holds true. Strive as we may to make a show of things and thereby achieve "position," the time will come when business and society will demand something more, and if we have not the goods behind the display our house, or church or whatever it be, shall crumble at the touch of *The Real Thing*.

Death is sniffing close at the heels of each of us. Not the death that carries us to the Valley of the Unknowable, perhaps, but the death that saps from our lives the spirit of Truth and its vitality. Check our onward march even for a moment and it fastens its fangs upon some weakness in our character and, though we may shake it off, it deprives us of some measure of growth.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"—of soul, of spirit and of truth. Every time we sidestep to avoid an issue in life we lose the strength that would have come to us through bravely meeting it. Defeat is nothing if we are not defeated by it. But when

we fear defeat we are defeated before it arrives.

Most failures are the result of lack of preparation—all failures are the result of lack of preparation. The question, then, is how and where may we get this preparation.

Socrates was once asked by a pupil this question, "What kind of people shall we be when we reach Elysium?" And the answer was, "We shall be the same kind of people there that we are here."

Preparation for Elysium, then, should be preparation for today—now. If we are prepared to patiently bear the worries, the vexities, the complaints and the disappointments of today—bear them with a sweet, unruffled temper—we shall be prepared to meet the bigger trials when the greater responsibility arrives, and there won't be any failure.

Tomorrow—the Elysium—we are not sure of. Today is ours.

THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE IN GIRLS.

Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie, (John Oliver Hobbes), novelist and lecturer, says some very forceful things about you girls—things so true that they don't "set easy."

"It makes me so impatient," says she, "to have people always worrying over the working girl, as though she were the only one in danger. Why don't they worry about the rich girl too? *There is no difference in the girls.* The only difference is in their background and education. There are as many dangers for one as for the other, the one because she is rich, the other because she is poor, and the dangers to both are great.

It is just a question of girls. And it is the *individual soul* of the girl, at that, that I am interested in. I have no scheme for girls in groups. You can't reach any of them by standing up in a pulpit. But I would like to know how they feel toward those who come with the avowed purpose of helping them.

Yes, women's getting out into civil life will change them. I am afraid it will make them harder. But how can it be helped? *They are forced out.* There are not enough men to work for them if they would.

If they don't stop having these wars that kill off the men I don't know what will happen to us."

Love has the greatest potency, the greatest charm of all the powers on earth—pure spiritual love. After all is said and done in this work-a-day world, God is the majority, and the ruler of our destiny.—Lucie Ada Mackenzie.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

The fundamental fact in the consciousness of a man, in whom self-consciousness has been awakened, is the realization of something with him which he means when he says "I." It is true that his conception of that "I," may be cloudy, muddy, distorted, and imperfect, according to his lack of understanding, but still there remains always a "feeling" more or less distinct which may be called the "I" consciousness.

The "I" is that which is ever present in our consciousness, feeling and thought, and which leads each of us to know himself as existent. No one can think of himself as non-existent—no one can say, truthfully, when speaking from his consciousness, "I am Not." No one ever feels the need of putting himself the question: "Am I, or am I Not?"

The assertion "I Am" is fundamental knowledge, and stands above and beyond all argument. It needs no proof to make it stronger, and no attempt at disproof, no matter how cleverly devised, can shake or weaken it. This unextinguishable feeling of Existence is the foundation stone of the life of the Individual.

Without taking it into consideration, we become lost in a sea of uncertainty—a quagmire of doubt and conflicting statements. This realization of the "I" is the compass by which the mental mariner must steer, and without which he is lost, and is driven against the rocks, or else left to float at the mercy of the tide not knowing in which direction safety lies.

The important stage in this realization of the "I" is to know it as a Real thing—something having within its nature a particle of the Essence of Reality—something having the roots of its being in the Supreme Reality, for unless this be so, it cannot have any right to be considered as Real.

It is difficult to lead the individual to this realization, except by gradual steps, and so in this article we shall attempt to point out the successive steps to be trodden. And we must ask the reader to take the steps, for they lead to the door of the Temple of Wisdom.

The first step is the feeling of the Reality of the "I". This feeling is common to those of the race who have advanced to the stage of self-consciousness, and I cannot imagine anyone sufficiently interested in this sub-

ject to read this article, who has not arrived at this stage. This feeling may be expressed by the words "I Am", which is a statement of Being on the part of the individual.

The next step is to realize that the "I" is something superior to the body—that the body is not the "I". A little inward thought will show you that it is possible for you to *think* of the body, just as you may think of the table, desk, or the body of someone else. That is, you may set it at mental arms-length for consideration. You may think of it, picture it in your mind, analyse it, and, in fact, consider it just as you would any other outside object. But note this: *Who* is doing that considering and examining? Your "I" of course, and anything that the "I" can set aside for consideration or mental examination and inspection, cannot be the "I" itself, for the "I" cannot so set itself aside. It cannot get outside of itself. Anything that the "I" can set aside and inspect must be a "not-I" thing or object. We shall see this more plainly as we proceed. Not only may you examine the body itself, but you may set it aside in the Imagination, and mentally inspect it. You may do even more, for you may "imagine" yourself as alive and existent without any body—may imagine yourself outside of your body and looking down upon it, and in this picture it is the "I" looking upon its former covering, the "not-I" part of it. The particles of the body are constantly changing, atoms being replaced by new ones. As some one has said "the body is but a form, through which constantly flows a stream of Matter."

Many of us are in the habit of identifying the "I" with the physical body, but a little self analysis, along the lines above pointed out, will clear up this part of the subject. A man's consciousness, if carefully questioned, will report to him that it is possible to think of the body, as a separate thing from the "I" and it must be noted that, when the mental separation is made, the "I" consciousness remains with the higher part, and not with the body, the latter being regarded as a covering or habitation. Do not be afraid to use the Imagination in examining into the matter, for that faculty is more than mere "Fancy," and its proper use will give us much valuable information. You will find bye-and-bye that it will *not* do everything you ask it to do, but has limits

beyond which it cannot pass, although the popular idea is that "one may imagine anything."

The fundamental consciousness gives us the report that the "I" is *Real*—that is, that it seems to really exist, and that it rests upon a solid basis of Being. It does not seem to change with the body, or passing mental moods or states, but is ever there, burning with a steady, unwavering flame. I use the word "Real" in the sense of "Actually being or existing; fixed and permanent." The "I" is the highest thing of which we have actual consciousness, and our conception of it is invariably as a *Real* thing, as opposed to something transitory, temporary and subordinate. It rests at the very center of our being, and we cannot think without taking it into consideration in relation to the thing thought of. It is: "I" think; "I" see; "I" hear; "I" taste; "I" smell; "I" feel; "I" act; "I" will; "I" do; "I" am aware; etc., etc. The "I" is always there and we cannot *think* without recognizing it—in fact we cannot think unless the "I" does it. The "I" is the Thinker, the Knower, the Doer. Let your mind dwell upon this a little, and you will find the "I" beginning to stand out clearer and clearer in consciousness.

More than this the "I" is unable to think of itself except as existing and being. Even the Imagination—that faculty that many consider capable of the wildest nonsense—will report that it is unable to think of the "I" as dead or non-existent. You may doubt this, but a little experiment will show you the truth of the statement. Let anyone try to imagine yourself as "dead." He will find that he can easily imagine his *body* as "dead," but in so doing he is compelled to be conscious of *Himself* as viewing that dead body from the outside with the "I" still alive and fully existent.

You may vary this experiment and try it as often as you desire, but the report will always be the same, and you always will be compelled to be conscious of the "I" as existing, so long as you think at all. So you see, there are some things that even the Imagination will not do. You can get only one report on the subject from any part of your mind, and that report is: "I *Am*."

When you feel that you have emancipated yourself, mentally, from the belief in the body being the "real" part of you, you are ready to consider the "I" in relation to the mental faculties. This is somewhat more difficult than the last step, but a little patience and study will accomplish wonders for you.

As I have pointed out to you, the "I" is behind the thought. The "I" expresses itself in three ways, i. e.: (1) "I Know;" (2) "I Will;" (3) "I Act." It is the "I" as the Reality, in each instance. It is the "I" that Knows and Thinks. Thoughts are the product not the producer. The "I" uses the Mind in a certain way, and a Thought is produced. Which is the prime thing, the Thought, the Mind, or the "I?" I think you will see that the Thought is the thing produced; the Mind the instrument of its production; and the "I" the producer. Is this clear? You may say, "I feel", thus and so, but you can see that the "feeling" is not You, but is merely a something appertaining to or relative to you. You, the "I", existed before the feeling, and after it. And you have experienced, and will experience, many other feelings. But it is the "I," all the time—right at the center—allowing the feelings, moods, and mental states to pass before or around it.

The "I" in You is able to set at mental arms-length for consideration, any and all of the mental faculties or states, and may examine, analyze, criticise them, or may change, alter and control them. And, remember, that it is this wonderful "I" that is doing it all. You may marshall all the mental states, faculties and qualities before you in array, and review each and all of them, as a general may his army. You may be able, by practice, to see each of them set aside as a "not-I" thing, until you have reached the last one. And then—what is there left to you? Why, the "I", of course, shining with a bright light which nothing can extinguish. After you dissect and analyse the mind, and set aside and classify—its different faculties and powers for study and examination there is always something left that you cannot set aside, and that something is Yourself—the "I."

You cannot run away from this "I"—you cannot set it aside for examination. For you cannot divorce it from Yourself, for it is Yourself, your Real Self. To use a familiar illustration, I may say just as the Eye is able to see everything outside of itself, but can never see Itself, so may the "I" examine everything outside of itself—all the "not-I" part of you, including the body, vitality, and mental states—but cannot examine itself. All that it knows about itself is that it is conscious of the knowledge "I AM", and I beg of you to consider the importance of that report, for it is a positive statement of Existence. Being. Reality, that we must listen to, and cannot dispute.

"I AM" is the most powerful statement, that one can make. It is a Statement of Reality—in this statement we are making claim—that we are a drop from the great Ocean of Reality—a ray from the Central Sun—a spark from the Great Flame. An intelligent conception of the grandeur and magnificence of this statement, renders man more than man, and brings him, indeed, "in Tune with the Infinite." I beg you to consider the importance of the message that your consciousness brings to you, and which you are just beginning to hear clearly. Once realize this great truth, and you will never be the same as you were before, for a new sense will have come to you—a new understanding.

I wish to call your attention to an important feature in the recognition of the "I". I refer to the fact that in proportion to the degree of recognition of the Reality of the "I", there is awakened a sense of Power, Wisdom and Freedom. Many men have stumbled upon this sense of Reality within themselves, without understanding its true nature, and the sense and consciousness of the above mentioned attributes has been borne upon them. In fact it may be said that all of the so-called "great" men of all times (good and bad) have been conscious of this real "I" within them, and consequently have manifested a great sense of Freedom and Independence, Self-confidence and Courage, and have been able to use their minds in a manner that seemed almost miraculous to their fellow men.

Just run over the list of the great men in history, art, letters, business, etc., and see if this is not so. You will find that this thought will give you the key to many a life-history that has puzzled you. In all these "successful" men, there has been a strong consciousness and realization of the "I." In many cases, these men have prostituted this consciousness into a base Egotism, in which they contrasted the "I" with that of others, and thought themselves greater, and better. This prostitution has generally brought about its own lesson for such egotism has brought its reaction and pain.

The "I" of no man is higher or better than that of another—they are all alike in essence and reality. But some have developed and unfolded more than others, and seem in advance. The man who has a real understanding of the "I," never contrasts himself with others, nor does he feel himself greater because of his sense of the reality of Himself. On the contrary, though the sense of the "I"

may be very greatly developed—though he may appear as a giant to his brethren—still in the bottom of his heart he knows that is all a matter of unfoldment, and that all are potentially as great as is he.

So you see, the man of the highest "I" unfoldment, providing he has a knowledge of the truth, may be a very "modest" man, instead of an egotistical, vain creature. In fact, a man may be egotistical without being great or strong—this is very different from the real "I" consciousness, for the "I" of such a man is a little "i" instead of a great "I"—it is the "i" of personality, instead of the "I" of the real Self. The man of the true "I" unfoldment does not pride himself upon his personal appearance, his power, his mentality, his possessions, or anything else connected with his personality, no matter how worthy of admiration they may be. He may enjoy them, but he sees them as mere "not-I" things, belonging to his personality—things that form no part of the "I" part of him. But he is ever conscious of great Reality—great Strength—great ability to Think—great Freedom—all of which seem to be the attributes of his real Being.

Some men, not informed as to the nature of their strength and mental power, and sense of the "I", have prostituted their power to base uses, and purely selfish ends, as history and observation show us. These men nearly always become entangled in the web of their own making. Or like a fly, they become fastened to the honey jar that has fascinated them, and suffer intensely until they learn their lesson. They use their Power, but not their Wisdom, and the latter element being lacking, they gain no true Satisfaction which is the product of Wisdom, Power, and Freedom, all present and combined. No truly Wise man can prostitute his Power.

I would urge you to cultivate the "I Am" consciousness and feeling, for you will find it a tower of strength and refuge. The mere thought "I Am," carried with you until it becomes a part of your Mental Attitude, will bring to you a sense of calm strength and peace such as you have never before known. The words "I Am" form the very strongest affirmation or statement, and if you can imagine the picture conveyed by such a statement of Being, you will surround yourself with a mental aura of strength that will protect you from the waves of adverse thought that may be dashing against you. You will find this thought an armor of protection if rightly used. Do not take my mere word for it, but try it for yourself. Picture

yourself in a Center of Consciousness—of Reality—radiating in all directions like a sun, and then say (mentally or aloud) "I Am"—accenting the word "Am," and you will be conscious of an uplift and influx of strength. In moments of fear, doubt, discouragement or weakness, use this remedy, and you will bless the day you learned of it. And yet I have given you nothing—I have merely called your attention to that which you already had, but knew not.

Remember YOU are Real—resting upon the Supreme Reality in which you have the roots of your Being. You have potential

Power, Wisdom and Freedom within you, which will bring you Satisfaction. YOU are standing upon the solid rock of Being, from which no person, thing, or force, can dislodge you. And as you realize this real position, so will you be able to manifest the latent qualities of your nature, and enter into your true estate. You are the Master of your Body, your Life-force, your Mental principles. You are a Center of Consciousness—Power—Influence—Strength.

This is my message to you, my reader. Heed it. It is the message of the soul's awakening.

"BELL-WETHER BILL"

By ELLEN R. C. WEBBER

When he first came to the Center Section settlement, he was "Mr. Anderson;" in two days he was "Anderson" and at the end of a week he was "Bill Anderson."

How he came to win the renowned name which heads this sketch, the sketch itself will tell you.

God had done much to make Centre Section a beautiful spot. The soil was rich and mellow, the sunshine warm and frequent, the rainfall just right for good crops, and the distant purple mountains with their snowy caps, were pictures to rejoice the eye; and right there the men of Centre Section let things rest.

They sat on the "store porch" in summer, some of them in perilously tilted chairs, others along the railingless edge of the veranda, slouched forward, with feet aswing.

All "spun yarns," grumbled at fate, chewed tobacco and spat at the hitching post.

In winter the program was changed in this particular only—they gathered about the store stove and aimed accurately at the ash-box.

At home the women folks fed the chickens, tended a garden patch and fetched the cows. Saturdays they donned the calico dress with its neat patches and traded butter and eggs and "garden stuff" at the store, for the week's supply of groceries.

Then, one spring day came Anderson.

"Going ter settle here are yer?" asked the spokesman of the store crowd. "An' what in thunder ever led yer to this God-forsaken spot?"

"God-forsaken?" queried the man, with a long lingering look out into the warm sun-

light—"I reckon you're mistaken gentlemen; this here place is jest man-forsaken."

And when he had gone, "the crowd" wondered what he meant, and were partially awakened by the light of a new idea.

A week later he came with a proposition which made them gasp.

"Say, boys—s'posin' I'd get married an' come to be the dady o' half a dozen kids! That there school house out on the river front is too far for 'em to go. What say we get a school o' our own right here in the settlement?"

"The crowd" laughed, and when you win a laugh, you've half won the crowd.

"Lookin' ahead ain't yer Bill?" asked the spokesman in a friendly tone.

"You bet! It pays to look ahead, then when things come your way, you're ready for 'em. Now how many are ready to sign this petition?"

"Petition? You must be joshin'!" Our kids been a walkin' out to the Front ter school, when the roads wuz fit, fer ten year. We couldn't never git no school here, no use tryin'."

"See here boys—we're going to have a school right here. All you've got to do is believe it, an' sign this paper.

"Believin' don't build school houses nor git grants from governments," grumbled the growlers.

"Believing goes more'n half wy; coz when you believe you work for it," retorted Anderson.

"All right; pass on your paper. We're b'lewin so all-fired hard we hear all six o' them kids o' your'n hollerin' under the school-

marms' strap; but I reckon that's bout all the good its goin' to do!"

So the petition was signed by the required number, and in due time Center Section got its grant.

"We've got to help some ourselves"—explained Anderson, when the news came, "because the grant will not cover all expenses."

"Reckon we wuz short on b'leivin'; if we'd a b'levid a little harder, we might 'a got more," said the grumbler.

"That's all right," said Anderson, "you can believe now, and make up for it. I believe in Centre Section school to the extent of one acre of land and two week's work towards clearing it. Who goes me better?"

The crowd sat silent, one after another aiming at the hitching post. The spokesman broke the silence.

"We never have believed we'd get a school way out here," he opposed.

"Well, you can see for yourselves that the time has come to believe, and believe you must. Let each man contribute the price of one of these wandering shoters out here, and two week's work along o' me, an' we'll have a school house an' grounds to beat the River front school all holler."

After much stirring up of local pride, Anderson won; and the "Section School" was truly a credit to its founders.

In the mean time Anderson was putting ten acres into small fruits and vegetables. The crowd, with perfect frankness told him that 'he was a fool; he couldn't sell a dollars' worth in a year; California held the market, and a local grower had no show, because the season was later and shorter."

"I believe I can sell all I can grow," replied Anderson.

"All right, when you get a right lively market by b'leivin, we'll join in with you."

While they were waiting to "see the market grow" Anderson proposed that they invite a parson to preach in the school house. He came. Next he organized a Friday evening Club—to meet in the school house, when the women and young folks joined them in games, music and a general sociable time.

His vegetables sold well in the little town down the river, and the demand was greater than he could supply.

The next year his berries found ready market at good prices and a cry for more.

Anderson urged this upon the crowd as good cause that they too should believe, and set out small fruits and orchards. He explained methods of marketing—the prices

to be obtained roused their interest, and they went earnestly to work. Time proved Anderson a true prophet. The fruit was hauled by one of the crowd who owned a team, and was shipped from the River front to town by boat.

He urged upon the widow Brown, the wisdom of opening her house to summer boarders and giving them real cream and good chickens. She took his advise; and now her boarding house has become a "summer resort."

In five years the people of Centre Section had followed the advice of the man who looked ahead, to such good account, that they had in addition to their school house and orchards—a church and a town hall.

Then came talk of the railroad which was to follow the river.

"It's got to turn off to come to Centre Section," said Anderson.

But here the crowd lost faith in Bill's power. He might get them to work when there was money in it;—he might get a school house and a parson even, but a railroad—never!

"Put in more fruit; show 'em we've got the fruit country and the freight for 'em, and they'll turn in a mile and a half and catch up with the river farther down.

And somehow Anderson did manage it, though the crowd never knew exactly how, and Central Section became a station; a very important one in the eyes of the inhabitants—for from this station is shipped many tons of fruit to local and Manitoba and northwest markets.

Today—ten years after Anderson's coming, the people are prosperous and believe in their beautiful country and its resources; never thinking of it as "God-forsaken" now.

The crowd maintains that Anderson deserves the credit.

"He showed us how to b'lieve, and wuz the bell-wether fur this crowd, and when he led—we follered; and he was a durned good old bell-wether Bill—you bet!"

ALWAYS RECEIVES ENCOURAGEMENT.

"I am always ready and on the lookout for THE SEGNOGRAM as the time for its arrival comes—more eagerly than for any magazine or paper I read—and never yet on reading it have I failed to receive strength and courage and cheer to help me move on and up in the severe competition we traders are experiencing in England today." Thus writes J. L. Lloyd, a prominent merchant of one of the old English towns near London.

Another California Achievement

Phenomenal Growth of the Olive Industry

By H. M. WALKER

Perhaps you do not know California and Californians as some do.

To know California is to know that nothing is impossible, and to know Californians—well, well,—to know them is to know a people with whom there is no impossible.

What the world has never done before these Californians are doing every day—and think nothing of it.

They take the trackless desert and make it into an Eden surpassing that of the ancients; they build railroads straight up the mountain side and erect and equip hostelries and printing plants up there beyond the clouds among the stars. They go out into the sea and transform the nymphaean caves of a desolate island into coves of bliss for the weary pilgrim to the land of Somewhere; they throw millions into the sea to build a range of mountains in the ocean deep behind which the merchant liners of the Pacific may dock in safety; they dream dreams of a Venice-by-the-Sea, and steal from the sand flea vast acres of serf-swept beach, and, as by magic, erect thereon palatial play grounds for the city's tired hordes of pleasure-bents; they go out upon the ocean's breast and look into the mysterious deep, watching the inhabitants of the sea softly glide through the ocean forest or march up and down over the deserts of waste way down beneath the water's surface; they—but why go on! All things are possible in California by Californians.

But what Californians have accomplished to contribute to the pleasure of the sight-seer in California is only part of the story. I know, Californians have the name of being tourist-feds. But know this, kind reader, Californians are not tourist-feds: they are tourist-feeders. Build a wall as high as the floor of heaven and as deep as the roof of hell, and make no gates, and California could produce everything that mortal man has need of. We can go from the sunny plains of San Fernando to the snow capped heights of the Sierras and all that grows and is and has its being between these extremes is ours.

The total value of the agricultural and manufactured products of Southern California alone, for the year 1905, foots up more than one hundred and ten millions. Here is the way one year's products run:—Citrus fruits, 28,000 carloads; vegetables—celery

1800 carloads; cabbage 500 carloads; cauliflower, 300 carloads; nuts, 750 carloads; raisins, and dried fruits 774 carloads; butter, 3,390,000 pounds; cheese, 750,000 pounds; eggs, 70,000 cases; flour 350,000 barrels; canned goods, 1005 carloads; olives, pickles, 280,000 gallons; olive oil, 100,000 gallons; beet sugar, 85,500,000 pounds; wine and brandy, 1,200,000 gallons; beer, 100,000 barrels; petroleum, 30,000,000 barrels; beans, 550 carloads.

These figures "go to show."

In the cultivation of olives, there is much to be told that never has been published. Away back in the ages they used to know more about the olive than the average Westerner knows today. But the Westerner is fast learning. For centuries it has been the common fruit-meat of the land of its nativity. In the Western world, it has long been known in its green pickled state, but it is, as it were, but yesterday that the ripe article was put on the market. For years we had to depend on Europe for this delicious fruit, and even then it was given to us pickled green. Some time ago, however, the olive growers and packers of California ventured to put the green olive on the market, in competition with the foreign growers and packers. In this they were eminently successful, and as a result of these experiments, the olive industry of California is growing to enormous proportions. Very little has been published about this industry, and especially in relation to its present phenomenal growth.

There is a reason for this. The olive has a peculiar taste, and most people believe it is a relish—a condiment—only. And they believe the "olive habit" must be acquired before the fruit can be eaten with any relish. This is the result of a misconception, or rather a bad custom, which has been adhered to many years. And it is only now that the people of the Western world are getting to know what the olive really is.

And California is to be thanked for the information. When the growers here found they could produce as good a green fruit as the imported article, they reasoned the thing out that if the olive were so good a thing pickled and pickled in its green state, it would be much more delicious if allowed to ripen and were then pickled.

But the olive is a difficult fruit to handle.

Even today, only one factory in the State knows how to preserve it in anything but its green state. The ripe fruit exudes so powerful a gas when bruised that it was found impossible to make a cask strong enough and yet that could be handled in which to gather the fruit and carry it from the orchard to the packing house.

What is known as the Mission Olive has been picked ripe and pickled in a salt brine, and has been used in a local way in California for many years. But nobody ever ventured to pack them for the market, for the simple reason that it was not thought possible to do so in a way to make them retain their rich, nutty flavor and their natural crispness and solidity. And all these years the market has been held by the green olive.

Now, there is as much difference between a green olive pickled and a ripe one, as there is between a green watermelon and a ripe one, or a green and ripe anything else—yes, there is a greater difference, because the olive does not "make fat" until it has ripened, and therefore, it does not have its nutritious properties when picked green—just as an apple or an orange does not make juice until the color comes.

Manager Campbell of the largest olive canning factory in the State, situated in Los Angeles, likens the olive to the ordinary hog—with a snout and four legs—and what Manager Campbell does not know about olives would not make anyone wise. He can tell just how to feed the tree to make the olive fat, how to prevent the fruit going all to size and color and yet not carry any nutriment, how and when to pick it and get it from the tree to the cannery so as to make it keep its oil and firmness, and how to put it on the market, the most delicious article that California produces.

When the question was put to Manager Campbell, "Why are some olives so much richer in oil than others grown in the same section?" he simply replied: "Why do you see fat and lean hogs in the same drove being driven to market by the farmer?"

And so we have this:—there are fat and lean olives just as there are fat and lean hogs, and the secret of the olive industry is to know how to select the fat ones and what to do with the lean ones. It is this knowledge that has made Manager Campbell's Company the largest packers and shippers of ripe olives and olive oil in the world, and it is this knowledge that makes the product of this company so well known. It is this knowledge, too, that is revolutionizing the olive industry and

changing the complexion of the food question of the United States.

A recent trip to the olive cannery near Los Angeles was the most enjoyable of any ever made to a factory of this kind. Usually when one visits a canning factory he is forced to witness sights that are not pleasant to look at. For instance, the slime and slush and smell of a salmon cannery, or the soft rot and flies of a fruit cannery; but at the olive factory one sees nothing of this; no slime, no dirt, no smell—everything clean. And the rich aroma of the olive fills the place. Perhaps you would like to hear about it.

To follow the olive from the tree to the can in which it is placed on the market is not everybody's privilege. Maybe it has not been yours.

In picking, great care must be exercised in handling ripe fruit. It must reach the factory in perfect condition or it goes to the oil presses. When it is remembered that there are all the way from 50 to 150 olives to the pound, it will be seen that this is not an easy thing to do—unless you know how. It was not believed possible until Californians proved it could be done.

The secret of getting the ripe olive from the tree to the factory is the discovery of Manager Campbell—and he won't tell. His process is so perfect, however, that his Company has been able to bring the ripe fruit from the farthest point in the olive belt to Los Angeles, and land them in as good condition as when they were picked from the tree.

From the time the olive starts into the grader at the factory until it reaches the final stage and is put into the cans requires six weeks. All this time it is going through a process of curing, which removes the acid from the fruit and leaves it with its natural color, and its delicious flavor. The process vats are of cement and cover several acres of ground. They are built in pairs, each compartment being two and one-half feet wide, two feet deep and twelve feet in length. These vats are filled with the ripe olives, and a stream of clear water is constantly running through them. Tests are made each day and when the olive has reached the point of perfection, the vat is emptied and the fruit goes into the sorting room. There are 946 of these double process vats, and to look over this mammoth vat room from the entrance reminds one of a fish hatchery.

In the sorting room upwards of 100 young women are employed. Here the fruit is put into cans. From this it goes into the sealing room. Thence the cans are carried into the

polishing room, then into the wrapping room and finally to the packers.

In Sicily, where large quantities of olive oil are produced, the process for getting the oil is very primitive. The olives are first placed on a circular platform of masonry, about seven feet in diameter, upon which a heavy millstone is turned by means of a pole and donkey. The mass which is thoroughly pulped by this process, is now placed in soft rush baskets and put under a press which is compressed by means of a wooden screw worked by five or six men. In the oil making department of the cannery visited by the writer, the process of oil getting is not so primitive, but is quite as free from all unnatural methods and adulterations. The fruit is ground to a pulp and placed under the presses. Right here is the secret of fine oil making. We are not going to tell the secret. But if you have used olive oil and did not like it because of its rancid taste, you do not know what good olive oil is. The oil produced by this company's process is as bright as can be produced by the most effective filtration, and it has, besides, the distinctive olive flavor and lacks the greasiness characteristic of all filtered oils. Great cleanliness is observed in oil making and every precaution taken to prevent rancidity.

The growth of the olive industry in California has been phenomenal since the discovery was made of how to handle the ripe fruit. Last year this company's total product of olive oil was 3,000 gallons. This year it will be 50,000 gallons. Last year the company's total output of olives was 50,000 cases. This year it will put upon the market 50,000 cases of first-grade olives alone, and in addition to this, 100,000 cases of other brands.

It takes on an average one ton of olives to make 30 gallons of oil. Some olives when picked at the right stage will produce as high as 60 gallons of oil per ton; then again, there are others which produce only 15 gallons per ton.

There is no industry in the State that promises such rich returns as that of olive growing. Before this company placed the ripe fruit on the market in its present form, olive growers received only \$16.00 per ton for their fruit. Today \$80 and \$100 per ton is paid. And the industry is only in its infancy. As the public learns the food value of olives and olive oil the demand will increase until the present capacity of the canning factories of the State will have been doubled and trebled.

Only recently the government at Wash-

ington published a statement showing the food units contained in every article of food in common use. After making exhaustive experiments, it was found that the olive and olive oil topped the list. It is this that is going to make the olive industry in California make such phenomenal strides in the future—the fact that the olive is taking the place of meat in the daily diet of those who know its food values. These are the figures showing the food units in the articles named as given by the government's report:—

Oatmeal Mush, 18 food units; Baked Beans, 37 food units; Eggs, 48 food units; Macaroni, 25 food units; Milk, 13 food units; Potatoes, 27 food units; Tomatoes, 6 food units; Beef soup, 8 units; Fish, 15 food units; Chicken, 19 food units; Lobster, 9 food units; Oysters, 11 food units; Clam Chowder, 13 food units; Ripe olives, 76 food units; Pure olive oil, 264 food units.

THE CROAKER.

Croaking! Croaking! always croaking
Seeking after what is blue
Looking for the storms and shadows,
Never for what is good and true.

When the sun rolls out in splendor
And all the air is soft and mild
The merry birds are warbling carols,
With happiness on every side.

"Yes, the day is fine" he grumbles,
"But 'tis only a weather breeder,
The snow and storm are surely coming
Driven by a big north-easter."

A pessimist of deepest dye,
No good exists for him,
He cannot see the pure and true
But only vice and sin.

When the sun sets in a golden sea
The harbinger of day,
As fresh and fair as ever rose
Upon a flowery May,

He cannot view the landscape o'er
With glad and thankful eyes,
He fails to find the beauty,
That ever round us lies.

But only gloom and dark despair
With want and sin and woe,
E'en to the gates of Death he growls,
And groans, "I told you so."

Mrs. M. J. Galpin, San Antonio, Texas.

Mental and Physical Culture



A System of Training the Little Ones.

By AUMOND C. DAVID

Exercise No. 11. Child is raised from sitting posture on bed to the position shown. To balance her, and give her confidence, she is permitted to take hold of her teacher's left hand with her right, and when she can stand thus for two counts (as in 4-4 time) the teacher's left hand is taken away and she is left to retain the posture. One exercise of standing without other support than at her ankle for each leg, and one each of the sitting exercises, without assistance from the teacher's left hand is sufficient at one trial, as the strain is very severe on the thigh and hip muscles. She will want to be rocked after this exercise very likely, so it is generally given very near the last of her lessons. For variety it is interesting to have her hold her doll in the same way, in her right hand, or let her teach it some other definite exercise as in Nos. 3 or 9; which can also be done for variety's sake in some other exercises where her hands are free to give her dolly lessons like she had, but see that definite work is done by her in these manifestations of memory.



EXERCISE 11

Exercise No. 12. The child is assisted from standing position on the bed to this by the teacher's left hand. This is perfection in pose. The teacher's elbow is resting against his hip in order to give steadiness to the hand. She is taught to stand during as many counts as possible, which counting she can take part in; possibly six or eight at once,

when position is changed to teacher's left hand. This will develop the natural and correct standing position with narrow base and firm balance. She can also sit and rise two counts in this exercise if desired, without assistance; or may use the light dumb bell taking the eight-count exercise as given in exercise 17.



EXERCISE 12

A WOMAN'S HAPPIEST MOMENT.

It's a happy moment for a woman when she comes into possession of a stock fastener that relieves her of the struggle to attach her neck rigging properly at the back, and without waste of time and patience. A handy and ingenious device for this purpose is now being offered as a premium for two subscribers to THE SEGNOGRAM. In a little box wrapped in satin paper it would be a simple and welcome gift, although prosaic. The fastener is formed of two straight, narrow pieces of nickel plate, the pieces being shaped at the edges in a way to lock. The fastener is sewn to the fabric through stitch holes, the fabric turning over the metal pieces.

One piece slides into the other in the locking, and there's no chance for any unhitching. There's a little catch on the fastener that attaches to a tiny loop on the neck-band to hold the stock down. The fasteners are handy for belts and girdles.

STEP OUT

By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

Do not be afraid to be yourself. You are just as much an Individual as is the person whom you are trying to imitate. Within you are all the wonderful possibilities of Man, awaiting the word of command that will awaken them into expression. Do not hesitate to step out from the ranks, and claim the right to be Yourself.

We are a queer lot—we people. We fall into ruts of acting, living and thinking. We think that we must all walk in a certain way—bow in a set manner—shake hands after a fashion set by some person. We model our clothes after a pattern—wear hats exactly like those of the rest—even so trim our hair, that all may look alike. And as to thinking, we run in grooves in that also. We show a preference for canned thought—predigested thought—tabloid mentation. It is too much "what does Mr. A., (or Mrs. B.) think of it?" rather than "what do I think of it?"

We run after leaders, teachers, writers, and regard a thing as of undoubted truth and value, simply because someone else has seen fit to utter it in public, with an air of authority; or because someone else has written it and has laid it before us in cold, authoritative type. "I saw it in print, and it must be so, although I haven't so considered it myself," is rank nonsense. In the name of Truth, haven't we "thinkers" of our own—haven't we brains and minds to use on our own account? Some of us act as if our brains were mere mush, instead of thinking machines capable of turning out a fine finished product.

Do not be ashamed of being yourself. The Lord made only one just like you—and no one else can do your own particular work in the world, half so well as you can do it. Yes, I mean every word of that. No matter how humble your work may seem to you to be, there is no one who can perform it just the manner that you find it natural to do. You cannot exactly fill the other man's place, and he cannot exactly fill yours.

There are no two souls in the world exactly alike. Each one is a part of some great plan of the Infinite—each one is a part of some great picture of Life. And you cannot be spared until your work has been done. And no one but yourself can do this work—not one. You are as necessary to the Great Plan, as is the mightiest and highest. You are needed—the Plan is not perfect without you.

Did you ever hear of Stradivarius, the great violin maker? He made violins that no one else could equal. He was a good church member, and one day he attended church, and heard the priest say that no man was of any account—that all were worms of the dust—useless and worthless—and that man was of no importance in the universe. A neighbor of old Stradivarius heard him murmur, as if to himself,—“There could be no Stradivarius Violins without Stradivarius—God had to make old Stradivarius in order to have Stradivarius' Violins.” And, in spite of the crudeness of old Stradivarius' philosophy, it had a germ of truth in it. For it is true that the Infinite works through the Finite—and each soul alone can perform the task—act the rôle—that is allotted to it. This must be so, otherwise the Universe could not exist.

Did you ever stop to think that this great Universe could not exist without YOU? If you were wiped out of it, it would crumble. for the Great Plan of the Infinite would be interfered with. You are not here by chance but are a necessary part of some Great Plan. You may consider yourself as just a “cog in the great machine,” but what of that—the machine could not run without the cog. Let the cog slip out or break, and the machine stops. Do not despair, you are a part of the plan, and are not lost sight of by the Great Architect. You have your place to fill, and the structure is not complete without you.

Do not hesitate to think for yourself. Your Mind contains all the powers that have been given the race. They may be dormant and unexpressed but you have them potentially. Do not imagine that a part of the race has the privilege of thinking thoughts for the entire number. It is not so. Each man must do a certain amount of thinking for himself. And his thoughts will be just a little different from those of anyone else. So do not be afraid to be “original”—it is the mark of the individual. No, I am not talking about this studied eccentricity, and so-called originality, that many affect just to be “thought different.” That is just the the moonshine side of the subject, the real thing is the sunshine aspect.

Many people are afraid to think a thought of their own, unless they are sure that it has the seal of approval of certain so-called “authorities.” Nonsense, who and what are

these "authorities?" Just mere men and women like yourself, who, however, have asserted their individuality regarding their own thinking. And then, finding that the rest of the world were passive and crying out for some one to do their thinking for them, these people have undertaken the job. Many people are afraid to trust their own thoughts and reasoning, but as soon as they hear some one else (not a bit wiser) say the same things then they accept them as truth. Have the courage of your own convictions, and be an independent traveler along the path of Thought instead of a mere human-sheep.

Human-sheep? Yes, just that. That's what lots of people are to-day. They are just like a drove of sheep. Ever see a drove of sheep jumping after some old bell-wether? Well, its funny. The old bell-wether jumps over a fence rail about two feet from the ground, and away go all the rest of the flock, jumping just at the same place, and just exactly as high as the leader. Jump, jump, jump, jump—away they go. If you pull down the rail so that there is no obstacle left standing, the sheep keep on jumping just the same as if the rail were there—simply because the old bell-wether had done so. Its "follow my leader," with the sheep. No independent thinking for them—not a bit of it. What do they have a leader for anyway, if not to do their thinking for them. Funny, isn't it? But that's just what lots of us are doing. Jumping after some old bell-wether. And maybe the rail has been dropped down for years, and yet we old sheep are jumping over the place where it once was. O, we're a gay lot of sheep, we people—but we're getting out of the habit, I am glad to say.

We hear a lot about the sheep and the goats, but if my memory serves me right, there is generally some old goat found leading a flock of sheep. The goat may not be so docile and meek as the sheep—but he knows how to think, and the sheep are mighty glad to have the thinking job taken off their minds, and a nice safe goat to do it for them. Don't be a human sheep, pray don't.

And again, did you ever hear the old bit of verse that Sam Foss wrote about the "Calf Path?" No—well maybe I can give it to you next month. It was about a foolish calf that wandered through the wood, and made a crooked path—winding here and there, through the woods. Some other cattle came along, and made the path a little wider. Then, boys came along, and then men, each adding to the clearness of the path. After a bit the path grew into a road along which men, horses and wagons traveled. Then

houses were built along the road, and it became a village street. Then the village grew into a town, and the calf path became the principal street. Then a city grew around the town, and the old calf-path became its main thoroughfare. And, finally the city became a thriving metropolis, with great sky scrapers rearing their heads along that which once was the calf-path. And busy men, and automobiles, and street cars, and elevated roads, and subway trains traveled along its length. But the old calf-path still maintained its crooks and its turns, and its twists, just as the poor old calf had made them years and years before. And the calf was dead and gone, and forgotten, but its path still existed, and had become a permanent and important thing. But although men called it a busy "thoroughfare of the world's commerce"—it was nothing but a mean old, crooked, twisted, wobbly calf-path, after all.

And that is the way with us. Instead of striking out and making a straight path of thought for ourselves, we prefer to follow some crooked old calf-path, that somebody had thought out years and years ago. And yet we laugh at the sheep.

The world is waiting for thinkers who are able to think out things for themselves. It has a surfeit of sheep-like people, but it needs a number of more good bell-wethers, of good reliable goats who are competent to take the lead in things. Leaders, originators, and thinkers are in demand—the supply does not begin to come up to the demand. The sheep are always with us, but the bell-wethers and goats, alas, are few.

You—who are reading this—have each the making of a good bell-wether or goat in you. If you would only believe it, you could do lots of good things on your own account—do them so well in fact, that you would soon have a crowd of people running after you trying to "learn the trick"—placing their feet in your tracks, and jumping over the rail where you jumped, even if you had kicked the rail off as you went over.

I tell you, you have it in you—why don't you get it out?

"The sample copies sent me I have not until now had opportunity to read. Beg to say they throw more little rays of light across my gloomy path than any other paper or magazine I have ever read. Think it would make me feel like a new man if I could only read a new copy each day. You will find enclosed 50 cents for subscription to THE SEGNOGRAM."—L. C. P.

Health Culture Menus By Mrs. A. V. SEGNO

FIRST MEAL

Sliced Bananas on Shredded Wheat Biscuit
with Cream
Figs Dates Pine Nuts Apples

DINNER

Cream of Asparagus Soup
Wafers Ripe Olives
Escalloped Celery Mashed Turnip
Graham Bread Vegetable Salad
Brown Pudding

TO PREPARE.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.

Cook one can of asparagus in its own liquor for five minutes, remove from the stove and press through a colander, add one pint of milk and the juice the asparagus was cooked in, season to taste and thicken with a little flour and fine cracker crumbs.

Escalloped Celery.

Cut celery in small pieces and cook until done. See that there is no more than a cupful of water left, but don't drain it off. Fill a baking dish with alternate layers of crushed crackers and the cooked celery and dot each layer with little bits of butter; season to taste, add one cup of milk and bake for one half hour.

Vegetable Salad.

Grind rather fine in a vegetable grinder one cupful each of raw carrots and turnips, cut fine one cupful of celery. Shred two large heads of lettuce and sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of grated onion. Toss all together with a generous quantity of mayonnaise dressing.

Brown Pudding.

Butter thin slices of whole wheat bread, place a layer of the bread in the bottom of the baking dish then add a layer of apple cut in small dice, sugar, raisins and a few bits of butter; continue alternate layers of bread, etc., until the dish is filled, and pour over a custard made of two eggs and a pint of milk sweetened to taste. Cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven two hours.

Orange Cups.

Cut the oranges in half crosswise, with a sharp knife, scoop out the orange, break into sections, shred off the white skin from the sections and then sugar to taste and let stand for a little while. Add a tablespoonful of any fruit juice desired and serve in the orange shells.

Popcorn Soup.

Add a cup of water to one can of tender green corn and cook 15 minutes, then press through a colander to remove the hulls. Return to the stove and add one small cup of water and one pint of milk, let come to a boil and thicken with one teaspoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of fine cracker crumbs—moisten in milk—add butter and salt to taste. When serving put a few kernels of popcorn on each plate of soup.

Beet Salad.

Cook the beets, cut them in small pieces and dress with French dressing, serve on water cress or endives.

FIRST MEAL

Orange Cups
Soft Boiled Eggs Corn Gems
Baked Apples

DINNER

Popcorn Soup Ripe Olives
Chops Japanese With Peas
Whole Wheat Bread Fruit Punch
Beet Salad
Date Souffle With Custard Sauce

Popcorn.

Put a tablespoonful of olive oil in an iron skillet then enough corn to cover the bottom, cover and shake quickly over a hot fire; when done add a little salt, this will be found delicious as the corn takes up the olive oil, and gives it a fine flavor.

Fruit Punch.

To one glass of jelly add two cups of water and let it come to a boil, then add the juice of three oranges and four lemons. If not sweet enough, add sugar before taking it from the stove and let it come to a boil again. Strain and serve very cold. Place a few small pieces of fruit or thin slices of orange in each glass when serving.

Date Souffle.

Remove the seeds from $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of dates, cut in small pieces, add a couple of spoonfuls of water and cook a few minutes, or until it forms a smooth paste. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add a pinch of cream of tartar and three tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, then add the date paste and place altogether in a pan. Place the pan containing the souffle in another pan of boiling water, set in a moderately hot oven and cook for one half hour.

Custard Sauce.

Beat the yolks of the eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one pint of milk; cook in a double boiler until it thickens, flavor with vanilla. Serve cold.

OUR EASTER MENU.

A special feature of the April number of THE SEGNOGRAM, will be a menu for Easter Day prepared for the occasion by Mrs. A. Victor Segno, printed on embellished paper and illumined by an artistic illustration of one of her new dishes. It will be on a separate sheet, so you can use it at your Easter meal. It will add zest to the occasion and be a novel way to celebrate the day that is held so dear throughout Christendom, if all our readers will prepare to serve the same menu on that day. You will be interested in seeing the April number. It will be unusually good. If you would like to have us send a friend a copy including the menu tell us so at once, and forward the name and address together with five cents in stamps. The menu itself will be worth the price.



This department in THE SEGNOGRAM has been of great assistance to many of our readers. Graphology has long been recognized as a science, and Mrs. Franklin Hall's readings are phenomenally accurate. The special articles that she writes for THE SEGNOGRAM contain very much that will benefit every reader, and to her advice many of THE SEGNOGRAM family owe much of their success. To give more space to other articles we have discontinued publishing the readings made for our subscribers, and instead are sending them direct by mail. How to obtain a reading will be learned from the two short paragraphs at the end of the following special article.

Gold, my friend, it has for gold, it is by God. I think, too, for naught else.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

As commonly used the word "fortune" indicates money, to possess a large amount of worldly goods, yet in other ages "good fortune," implied the blessings of health, contentment, friendship and love; to have all these was as the good Scot would say, "wealth, or fortune enow."

The present age, especially in this country, thinks of "fortune" or "success" in the first mentioned light more often than in any other. We can hardly blame poor human nature for looking at the subject in this way, for it has been drilled into them for generations that one must be good for the sake of a reward and not because of the unlifting effect of goodness or nobility of action. Our Puritan ancestors listened Sunday after Sunday to the teachings from the pulpit that if they

Poetry and sentiment are giving way to the severely practical; romance is forgotten in the mad rush for "gold and jewels," and he who possesses certain qualities of mind, though he may be as a cipher before the wheel begins to revolve, finds that at last the "wheel of fortune" has poured its glittering wealth into his outstretched hands.

At Monte Carlo, the greatest gambling place in the world, the "Wheel of Fortune," the roulette wheel, has brought a shower of gold to those ignorant of the game, and snuffed out the lives of professional players who have lost all in a single turn of this wheel.

Your life and mine is a "Wheel of Fortune," purely a game of chance, unless we have mental and physical strength to control the motive power that causes it to turn swift or slow as we will.

*I am constrained to think
that power & brains need
strength in muscles & legs
for action - If it were not
so, how could we trace others?*

wished to inherit the kingdom of heaven where the streets were paved with gold and the gates were made of pearl set with precious jewels, and the land was flowing with milk and honey, they must be good; must not lie, steal or break any of the moral laws. Always was held up before the young and the aged this glittering recompense for right living, "gold and jewels," so what wonder that today it seems to the majority of people the one thing to be gained. Dazed by the dazzling word picture, they have stretched out their hands for the glittering baubles of life and in their haste forgotten that they must first "be good," so the life of today has become in large measure a swift whirling "Wheel of fortune."

Now supposing that you wish to turn swiftly, that your idea of good fortune is wealth alone, what qualities of mind and heart would it be necessary for you to possess? First acquisitiveness, the desire to gain; pride and ambition. This pride and ambition we will say is moral, but while in the swift race, you must also be selfish, shrewd, calculating, unresponsive in your sympathy, self-sufficing, with great concentration and will power, an obstinate will that will not be daunted or crossed. Economy must be very marked and the power of self-denial as well. Have you all of these traits of character? Study the writings shown first and see if it is a duplicate of yours. Note the uprightness and closeness of the writing, indicating cold-

ness, reserve and the fear of wasting ink and paper; the lack of finals, the little egotistic curls; the firm, obstinate will indicated in the triangular crossings of the "t's," the concentrated, close dotting of the "i's" showing that not even the minutest detail pertaining to the furtherance of ambition financially, is forgotten or overlooked.

If your idea of "good fortune or success", is to attain purity of thought and action, to live the higher life mentally and physically, content if you do what is right and just, considerate of others, then you will show unselfishness, tenderness, sympathy, firmness of will that is not easily led to yield to those things which your good judgment does not approve; some spirituality and respect for authority; affection and consideration, intellect of a superior order. A desire to make yourself pleasing in personal appearance though not necessarily extravagant. You will have sufficient of the artistic in your nature to make you a lover of all of the beauties of nature and art. You will be generous with high ideals and aspirations and will possess pride without egotism.

Such a character is represented in the second specimen. Can you analyze it and give the signs of these qualities? Is it to some extent a fac-simile of your own writing, the characters penned by the hand that will turn for you the "Wheel of Fortune?"

How to Get a Character Reading

Any subscriber to this magazine who sends us three new yearly subscribers will be given a Character Reading from his or her handwriting.

How to Send

When sending the three new subscribers, also send twenty-five words of your natural writing on a separate piece of paper, and sign it. The first orders will receive the first readings. Send early and avoid the rush. Address, THE SEGNOGRAM PUBLISHING Co., Dept. G, Los Angeles, Cal.

When Furnishing a Home.

Newly married people, the world over, find it difficult to furnish their home with something distinctly novel and at the same time of positive worth. The recent introduction of California Leather Draperies has served to overcome much of this difficulty, and to place within the limits of moderate cost a decorative article that has a suitable place in every home, and that is without a rival. No other material embraces all of its advantages. We visited the show rooms of the Los Angeles manufacturers of the Curtain Draperies recently and were struck by the marked beauty of design and the excellence of the workmanship on their leather grill draperies.

"MUTUAL HELP" ADS.

Advertisements under this head will be published at the rate of 2 cents a word. No "Ad" taken for less than 25 cents. If you have anything to sell; if you want a position; if you want help; if you want to change your business, or desire to get a business partner; if you want to invest in a business or in property—whatever you want, here is your chance to advertise the fact and have your wants filled.

Count the number of words in your advertisement and send two cents for each word.

Ads of patent medicines containing injurious decoctions and investment schemes will be barred admission.

Address: THE SEGNOGRAM PUBLISHING Co., Los Angeles, California.

FOR SALE—Fifty acres, DeSoto County, Florida, 5 miles from town. 5 acres cleared. Timber and water. Good reason for selling. Address A. H. HOFFMAN, Willow Springs, Mo.

FOR SALE—In Florida, on east Indian River, 50 acres; five under cultivation. Orange trees, tropical plants and flowers; House of eleven rooms recently built. A good opportunity for person of means for a desirable winter home. For particulars write to L. A. MACKENZIE, Canaveral, Florida.

WANTED—Lady wants to correspond with some reader of The Segnoqram. Vice Versa, General Delivery, New York City.

OUR READERS

and members of the Success Club living in Europe
note that

MR. SIVEY LEVEY

"A Musical Elocutionist"

"Unique," "Brilliant"—See Press Notices.

RECITATIONS AT THE PIANO

can be engaged for concerts, dinners, at homes or recitals

Address MR. SIVEY LEVEY

6 Oxford & Cambridge Mansions, Hyde Park, London, W

N. B.—Mr. Levey would be pleased to meet or communicate with Success Club members living in Europe.

Get rid of that miserable

Dandruff! You can do it easily and pleasantly by using California Scalp Food. Dandruff is dead cuticle from a diseased scalp; *heal your scalp* and you will permanently rid yourself of dandruff. Don't burn your head with the ammonia and alcohol of "shampoos" and "tonics" but *put life into your scalp*. That's what California Scalp Food does, and then the dandruff (or itching, or sore head, or eczema) disappears because your scalp is made healthy and well.

California Scalp Food is most carefully compounded of the purest ingredients having specific healing powers; is mild, non-poisonous and antiseptic. The most delicate skins find it agreeable; it gives prompt relief to infants and children suffering from scaly or sore heads. In fact, for every kind of scalp affection of old or young, whether as mild as dandruff or as severe as eczema, California Scalp Food is a safe, unfailing cure—because it creates a healthy scalp.

If you suffer from dandruff or from any scalp affection, use California Scalp Food. It is easy of application and pleasant to the senses, but, what is more important, it always does the work—and that is why we are able to make the following unusual offer:

Send us one dollar for a full sized jar of California Scalp Food, which we will mail you prepaid by return post. We guarantee our California Scalp Food; use it faithfully for thirty days and if it does not cure you of your scalp affection, write us and we will cheerfully return to you the one dollar you have paid us. That's a fair offer, isn't it? Send today!

PONOCALTA FORN CO.,

965 Everett St. - Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SEGNOGRAM

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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Entered at the Los Angeles Post Office as second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION

United States, Canada and Mexico.....50 cents a year
In the City of Los Angeles.....60 "
All Foreign Countries.....3 shilling 2 pence

Postage Prepaid

TO ADVERTISERS

No medical, investment or objectionable advertising will be accepted or printed in this magazine at any price. Advertising rates sent on application.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Notice of change of address should be sent to us at once as the postal rules forbid the forwarding of magazines without the payment of additional postage.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES

O When this circle is marked with a blue cross it signifies that your subscription has expired and that you should renew it at once.

If you receive a copy of this magazine and are not already a subscriber it is an invitation to subscribe. Accept the invitation

NOTE: We cannot supply back numbers. All subscriptions received before the 15th of the month will begin with the issue of that month. All received after the 15th will commence with issue of the following month.

Shop Talk ; What is Doing at the Segnogram Home

If you could climb the hill to the home of THE SEGNOGRAM and peep into our work shop and offices just now, you would realize as you never did before the earnestness of the men and women employed here in the work they are doing.

Life is no sinecure here amid the clicking typewriters, the busy, bustling young women at the folding tables, the addressers, filers, bookkeepers, stenographers and secretaries.

Each individual knows what must be done and who is to do it; there is no clatter and bang, no rushing or loud talking, no scrambling, no strife. All is work—but it is work with the sting out of it. It is that glad, joyous work, much akin to play but more productive of results.

The *do something* spirit is in the atmosphere. It is catching. That's why THE SEGNOGRAM teems with it—that's why you feel the vibrant notes before you open the wrapper when you get the little magazine in your hands.

There is nothing so good as clean, honest work. Nothing adds so much to life and

puts character into a man; nothing takes the sting out of duty like it, and puts joy in its place.

Work—Work—Work! What a blessed privilege! That's what makes us happy.

Just now the graders, and masons, the carpenters and builders, the steam fitters and plumbers, have the boards at our home. The erection of the new printing shop is well under way and when you visit Los Angeles you are asked to come up and tell us what you think of it. We can assure you of a royal welcome. The climb up into the bright sunshine will do you a lot of good, and the sight from the hilltop is the prettiest in Los Angeles—and that's saying a great deal—more, perhaps, than we ought to say, and observe a proper balance of modesty. But when you come and see, you will not blame us, will you?

The new building will be occupied by The Segnogram Publishing Company. It will be about 100 feet long, and have a width of 43 feet. The front of the building will be occupied by the editorial rooms, and business office. These will open off a handsome reception room. Next to the business office will be the composing room running the full width of the building and having a depth of 25 feet; then will come the press room of the same size and back of this the bindery and mailing department.

In this building The Segnogram Publishing Company will install an up-to-date printing and publishing plant, to print THE SEGNOGRAM magazine, and to conduct a general publishing business.

Plans are being perfected for increasing the number of pages in the magazine, and other improvements are to follow that will put THE SEGNOGRAM in the front row of national success publications.

Our book publishing business will be large from the start. In addition to "Dynamic Thought," which is now in the printers' hands, Mr. William Walker Atkinson, will have two or more books ready for the presses when they are installed. Prof. A. Victor Segno has a new book soon to appear, and in addition to these, other works of a similar nature are to follow, among them "Some Heart Throbs" by H. M. Walker, and a health-culture recipe book by Mrs. A. Victor Segno. Mrs. Segno's menus in THE SEGNOGRAM have been of inestimable value to readers of the magazine and we know our friends will appreciate it when they can get all of her best recipes put up compactly in book form.

The staff of writers on THE SEGNOGRAM do not spend an idle minute. There is work

to do and they are doing it as best they can, and, we hope, to your satisfaction.

Co-operation is the great power that is moving America successward. It is the great power that is moving THE SEGNOGRAM successward, and it is the great power that is going to bring success to every stockholder and friend of THE SEGNOGRAM. We are doing all we can at THE SEGNOGRAM home to make the magazine we all have learned to love a periodical of real worth, and we are delighted to receive such loyal support from our friends in the field.

Is your money earning something? That is the all-important question.

Men and women of small means cannot hope to take advantage of the many opportunities that are offered to invest big sums of idle money in large enterprises, and thus make their money bring them rich returns. But, now and then, an opportunity will come, which, taken advantage of, brings a far greater percentage of interest on the small investment than that earned by the big investment. It was such an opportunity that came to many SEGNOGRAM readers last year when lots were offered them in The Segno Tract, right in the heart of the fashionable residential section of Los Angeles, on terms that made it impossible for them to lose. Since these lots were put on the market, they have increased 50 per cent in value. And next year they will have increased 150 or 200 per cent. It required only a small payment down and easy monthly payments thereafter, without interest.

That opportunity is now gone. Some took advantage of it. Many did not, because they could not.

Today a similar opportunity is open, though on a smaller scale. The co-operative plan was adopted in handling The Segno Tract, and it is adopted now in offering our readers shares of stock in THE SEGNOGRAM.

The company was incorporated in order to place it on a firm foundation as a publishing house of the first magnitude.

The opportunity to buy shares in this company was kept open until February 15th at \$7.50 for \$10 shares. These shares are now offered at \$8.50 per share,—one dollar in advance of what they were last month. They will remain at \$8.50 per share until April 15th. After that date you cannot buy a share for less than \$10—par value.

This is not an "ad" to sell stock in The Segnogram Publishing Company. We simply are telling you what to expect, and the chances that are open to you. When these shares

have advanced to \$15 or \$20 a share—we expect them to climb to \$50 in five years—you cannot then say we did not tell you.

If you have money that is not making more money for you, you should put it to work.

"DYNAMIC THOUGHT."

William Walker Atkinson's great book "Dynamic Thought" is on the press, and we hope to have it in the hands of those who have ordered it, within a very short time. The advance sale is meeting with a wonderfully hearty response, and it looks as if a second edition will follow rapidly upon the heels of the first one.

Those who have seen the manuscript of this book pronounce it to be one of the most startling books that has appeared for a long time, and believe that it will mark an era in the study of Mental Force, Thought Power, etc. They predict that it will cause a sensation among those interested in this field of thought.

Its writer has avoided the "up in the air" style so common in works on this subject, and has succeeded admirably in his desire to bring the subject down from the fogs of metaphysics into the bright sunlight of practical thought. He treats upon the deepest and most difficult subjects, and yet has succeeded in presenting and explaining them in the simplest, plainest style, so that a boy could understand them. Therein lies the importance and charm of Mr. Atkinson's work, and gives us the key to the popularity of his books. His style is simplicity itself, and as we follow him into the intricacies of the subject, we are apt to forget that we are being told the inner facts regarding the great forces of nature, in a style that one might use in speaking or writing of some ordinary incident of everyday life. Mr. Atkinson has often expressed his belief that there is no subject that is not capable of presentation in such a simple style that the "man in everyday life" might understand it. And he seems to have this ideal constantly before him in his work.

In this new book, which will be by far the most important and best that has ever come from his pen, he leads us through the principles of Natural Science, from the old established theories and conceptions, on to the latest discoveries and investigations which have startled the world of Physics during the past decade. He shows us in a convincing way that Mental Law underlies all the phenomena of Matter and Energy, and that all Force, at the last, is Mental Force—Dynamic

Thought, in fact. Then he shows how the Force of the Atom is but a symbol of the Force of the Individual, and how the latter has in his power, potentially, the manifestation of the Force of the Universe. His theory of Dynamic Thought is entirely new, and startling, while a natural evolution from the thought along these lines that has been in the minds of advanced thinkers for several years past. His conception of the unity between Physics and Metaphysics supplies the "missing link" of thought.

His subject is a most fascinating one—the idea that Thought is a Force—a Power—an exhibition of Energy capable of being exerted by the Individual, being one particular dear to lovers of the occult and esoteric philosophies. And the news that the old occult teachings have been shown to harmonize exactly with some of the latest discoveries of Science, will be welcomed by all interested in the subject. And the fact that the Individual is a Center of Power, Influence, and Energy, manifesting through Thought; and that he is able to radiate this Force within a large field of Attraction,—attracting, repelling, influencing, and acting upon objects in that field, is one that demands the attention of every thinking person.

The book will be handsomely printed, on very good paper, and will be bound in an attractive cloth cover—a high grade book in every way. It will be sold at the reasonable price of \$1.00, in order to bring it within the reach of all. Orders for the first edition will probably soon exhaust the immediate supply, and we suggest that those who wish to possess this valuable book to place their orders at once, in order to be sure of getting it as soon as it leaves the press, and before the first edition is exhausted. All orders will be filled in the order received. See advertisement on another page.

Profitable reading in THE SEGNOGRAM. Try it.



Gives Strength and Vigor, Builds up the System and is an Absolute Cure for Constipation.

Tastes like rich fruit cake and has an aroma like rare old wine
15 days treatment \$1.00; 30 days treatment \$2.00. Address,

THE FRUIT OF EDEN CO.

1705 Kane St., Los Angeles, Cal.

AMERICAN NEW LIFE

(formerly POINTS) a quarterly New Thought magazine, edited by William E. and Elizabeth Towne. **Costs only 10 cents a year.** A special feature is the **Astrology Department**, conducted by one of the best scientific Astrologers in the country. It contains predictions for each day in the month, telling which are fortunate for travel, business, etc., etc.

American New Life has a **Circle of Silent Healing** department that interests many. Every issue contains **special book offers** which appear nowhere else, also many short, helpful items and articles by the editors. Contains brief biographical sketches of prominent New Thought people. 24 pages, fine paper, with covers in colored ink. **Only 10 Cents a year.** No samples. **Send 10 Cents now.** Address

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is the curse of this nation. It poisons the unprotected. I can teach you how to avoid adulterated food.

By studying the chemistry of the human body, I have learned its needs. By studying the chemistry of the food, I have learned how to supply these needs. I can teach you how to select and combine your food, so it will cure every form of stomach and intestinal trouble and give you great strength, vitality, and endurance.

This is not the ordinary advertisement inspired by the \$ mark. It is of truth, sincerity, and an earnest desire to relieve and remove human suffering, and make known the great fundamental law governing life, viz.: **FOOD.**

I manufacture a line of **pure Natural Foods** in delicious combinations. Write for my descriptive price list and booklet, "**RESULTS FROM EATING.**"

Send for my new book, "**UNCOOKED FOODS,**" 250 pages; \$1.00, postpaid.

Eugene Christian

**FOOD
EXPERT**

**306 West 79th St.,
New York**

SUCCESSFUL CONTESTANTS.

On January 15th, the \$10 contest for subscription-getting ideas, opened two months ago by The Segnogram Publishing Company, was closed.

Clark E. Calligan, of 5959 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., won the prize, and a check was forwarded to the winner on the 25th of January. Mr. Calligan demonstrated by practical work that his idea of subscription-getting was worth something. He secured subscribers. And results count, after all.

Ideas that are not practical will not get subscribers. They may look well in print, or on paper, but the idea that rings with action—that is the puller.

That is the idea that won \$10. We congratulate Mr. Calligan.

How to Get a Job

In deciding upon the best answer to the question "If you wanted a job how would you proceed to get it?" the contest judges experienced some difficulty in making a choice.

The answers of Miss Florence Kunz, and Mrs. M. R. Clark, were both so good there was very little choice between them. Miss Kunz, however, narrowed her scope to one position, while Mrs. Clark covered all fields, yet with sufficient conciseness and clearness to give to anyone in doubt much valuable information. Mrs. Clark's answer was therefore chosen, and \$5.00 was awarded to her.

Following is her answer. It should be stored away for future reference:—

"Were I an applicant for work of any kind I would present myself to the man or woman of affairs with as calm an exterior as the case permitted. Would be brief and concise in my statements trying to assure my possible employer of my conscientious desire to please in whatever capacity I was placed.

I would strive to impress him with the fact that honesty, promptness, reliability and genuine interest governed my actions, that I was not afraid of work and that it would be to his interest to employ me. Having secured the position I would consider my agreements sacred and would do my uttermost to secure and retain any confidence placed in me. Would allow naught to interfere with my duties, holding myself ready and willing to perform whatever laid in the line of duty without grumbling.

Work, not words should influence my actions."

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Ninety-five per cent of all cases of deafness brought to our attention is the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed a cure is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying, hence the inability of specialists to always give relief.

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PUT IT TO A TEST.

A SEGNOGRAM reader says: "I do not believe in Graphology—showing character or disposition by pen writing—because when I went to school we copied other writing, and often since, I know of people who copied letters and words here and there because they were thought to be beautiful." The quickest way we know for our good friend to become convinced that Graphology is a science is to send for a reading—test that which you do not understand before condemning.

Lord Nelson used to say: "When I do not know whether to fight or not, I usually fight." If this is good logic for the great sea fighter, it is good logic for the great—and the little—land lubber in the quiet walks of life. But the word *work* should be used instead of *fight*.

Eva M. Potter is of sound, practical turn of mind:—"My idea may be a selfish one, but I think it is our duty to help ourselves first, so that if possible we may prevent becoming a burden to others."

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Will be read from your handwriting by an expert graphologist, and a typewritten delineation will be sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents. No other fees of any kind will be solicited.

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| 3 Love is Power | 25 Life Science Helps |
| 4 Woman's Secret Powers | 26-27 Thought Laws and Methods |
| 5 How to Rule Your Kingdom | 28 The Coming Church |
| 6 Useful Practices | 29 The Soul of Beauty |
| 7 Laws of Happiness | 30 The Soul of Fortune |
| 8 Mental Helps | 31 The Soul of the Future |
| 9 Life Science in a Nutshell | 32 The Soul of Love |
| 10 Marriage | 33 The Soul of Your Surroundings |
| 11 How to Create Opportunities | 34 The Secret of Perpetual Youth |
| 12 Your Talents | 35-46 (inclusive) Concentration |
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| 19 Self-Help Through Self-Culture | 49 The Way to Wealth |
| 20 Plan of Self-Culture & Self-Help | 50 Art of Living |
| 21 Helps | 51 Sources and Conditions of Happiness |
| 22 Sex Forces | 52 A Plan of Life |

These books are being introduced as regular studies in some colleges. Judge J. M. L., of Maine, says "the whole Truth of Life is well expressed in them" and that "at the age of 71, I have built myself all over by observing their teachings." Dr. Yates of Cincinnati says "I am convinced that you have the best work on the subjects taught, and I am familiar with most all writers on these and kindred subjects." I. Donnelly said "I would gladly give \$100 for the set if I could not get them for less." The verdict of nearly all who receive them is equally enthusiastic. Over a quarter of a million copies have been sold within the past year. Note the following

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If ordered immediately I will send the entire set, prepaid, to any SEGNOGRAM reader on receipt of only \$1.00. If you recognize their value and keep them, send balance of \$11.00. Should you wish to pay for them in monthly payments, send \$1.00 a month for twelve months. In case you do not wish to retain the entire set, keep out any four books as payment for the \$1.00 sent, and return the rest at my expense. These books will help you all your life. I have implicit faith in them. Your intuitions will tell you so. I know of no study that can be made more profitable than to thus study yourself. Send to

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ELIZABETH TOWNE, DEPT. 77, HOLYOKE, MASS.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Here is an essay on "How to make Home Happy" which was offered in the competition just closed. It arrived too late to be considered by the judges. The contest closed on the 5th of January. It is of unusual merit, and rings true. Bessie A. Stanley, of Lincoln, Kansas, contributes it:—

"The thing most necessary to the happy home is the happy home maker. I would hold fast to optimism in the face of every difficulty. I would whistle when I wanted to cry, laugh when I wanted to scold, sing when I felt like sulking. I would think happy thoughts, loving and hopeful thoughts. I would make sure in my own mind and heart that "Our Home" was the happiest, dearest place in the world. God bless it. I would pull up the blinds. God's blessed sunshine was not meant to be shut out and the home light was not meant to be shut in. I would open the windows to God's blessed purifying air. I would "make believe" with the children. I would listen to Father and Mother stories though told over and over. I would give a cheery word and smile to every one who came within its doors. There should be pictures, flowers and books as much as the purse would allow, but always smiling faces, hearty welcome and loving sympathy, and for the King of the home, unflinching love and ungrudging appreciation.

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My book "MAKING FACES," is an instructive and illustrated booklet, showing how by a few simple exercises one can in a short time make the face beautiful and wonderfully expressive. A practical new method for removing hollow cheeks, wrinkles, hatchet chins, care-worn looks, etc. Amusing as well as instructive. Nothing like it ever offered the public before. Postpaid to any address for 25c.

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Something For Our Lady Readers.

THIS IS SPECIAL.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SEGNOGRAM has endeavored for some time past to find something to offer our lady readers that would be useful, and at the same time not too prosaic. At last we have found it. We believe it is the right thing in the right place.

It is known as the Out-of-Sight Collar, Ribbon and Stock fastener, and is the only thing known that will replace the use of Pins, Hooks and Eyes and Featherbone in the adjustment of collars, ribbons and stocks, which are not only difficult to adjust but unsatisfactory as to results obtained. All kinds and styles of neckwear, from the finest tulle and soft silks to collars and stocks, can be adjusted with the Fastener to fit perfectly without the aid of any other support.

BASE OF LEFT LOOP

UNDERLIP OF RIGHT LOOP



Its Advantages Are Numerous. The Out of Sight saves time. It is clasped and unclasped in a moment. It is easily adjusted. It does not hurt the neck, or catch in the hair, as do hooks and eyes. A ribbon tied in front need never be undone.

Saves soiling and crushing and consequently laundering. Supports the ribbon, stock or girdle in a manner that permits of a very stylish adjustment.

Forms an almost invisible closing, neater than that of any other known method.

Obviates the use of pins, hooks and eyes and featherbone.

Can be slipped from one ribbon to another.

The fastener is made in four sizes: No. 1, 1½ inches high; No. 2, 2 inches high; No. 3, 2½ inches high; No. 4, 2½ inches high.

By special arrangements with the Canadian manufacturers of this Fastener, The Segnogram Publishing Company is enabled to secure them in such quantities that we can offer one Fastener as a premium for two new subscribers to THE SEGNOGRAM, postpaid prepaid to any address in the world.

Remember, two new subscribers at our regular subscription rates will get it. It is not for sale at any price. Ask your friends today. It may take only ten minutes for you to get the subscribers. Enclose the amount of their subscriptions in an envelope and mail to us. Be sure to state the height of the collar you wear. Always remember that the ribbon, stock or collar should be slightly wider than the size of the fastener selected.

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CONTENTMENT.

That peace of mind which passeth all understanding, which all mankind are seeking to acquire, but like the Star of Hope, is always flickering a short distance in the future.

We never seem to be able to stand directly underneath the zenith of our anticipations. We are always looking forward to some expected time in the future when this feeling of perfect tranquility will settle down upon us.

When night has drawn her curtains around us, and we are comfortably quartered in our beds of snowy white—the most restful spot on earth—we often toss and turn, and are heard to say, "O I wish it were morning!" thinking that the rising sun would bring us something more desirable than what we already had, while many a poor weary tired heart is aching and longing to stretch their weary limbs in just such a bed as we were anxious to forsake.

Well hath the wise man said "a contented mind is a continual feast." When we get it all boiled down and sugared off, we find it is in the *mind* after all where the seat of our happiness rests. It is *how* and *what* we think of persons and things and our surroundings, that bring the desired results.

Again is comes bubbling up from within our soul, that old familiar text, "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." It goes to prove and show we are traveling in the mental realm, the same road our fathers and those who have gone before us trod.

When we become weary and footsore, and life begins to show the shady side, we are only a little outside of the straight and narrow path and our thoughts or manner of thinking need pruning just a little.

We must remember that the dome of a contented mind is underneath our thinking cap, and the results depend upon how we gather together and arrange the trend of our own thoughts. It comes right in line with "whatsoever things you desire when you pray believe that you have received them and you shall have them."

It is when we learn to unbuckle and unstrap the lines of care, worry and anxiety, dismiss and discard the minor things of life, that cling to our thoughts like barnacles to a ship, and feel the All-Sufficiency of our ever present surroundings, and draw the anticipations of the future backward, and the pleasant memories of the past forward and heap them up around the present and eternal "Now" and feel that "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

When we get to thinking along lines that Nature marked out and designed for us, con-

tentment will be the crowning sheaf of all our thoughts.

M. D. Chamberlin.

Los Angeles Cal., January 28th, 1906.

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Ninety six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligations whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11-year-old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I have made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

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ARE YOU GETTING VALUE FOR THE MONEY YOU SPEND FOR FOOD?

I want to have a heart to heart talk with the readers of THE SEGNOGRAM,—I want to tell them how to save money.

Statistics show that of every dollar received by the wage-earner, on an average 42 cents of it is spent for food. Much of this money which amounts to millions of dollars, is wasted because it is spent for "so called food" which in reality has little or no food value; that is, it does not contain the elements which are needed to nourish the brain and body and give them the health and strength needed to earn larger wages. A poorly nourished brain and body cannot carry out great undertakings—cannot win success or fame—their lot is sickness, failure and misery.

It would be useless to feed an engine, slate and stone and expect it to generate heat, steam and energy. And it is equally as useless to feed the human stomach indigestible materials which do not contain more than from three to five food units and expect it to generate the force that make health and strength.

There are certain foods which are pleasant to the taste and attractive to the eye, that contain high nutritive qualities and yet cost no more than those having little or no food value. I have made a study of this subject and I want to tell you what I have learned about two delicious articles that I find contain respectively 76 and 264 food units to the ounce, being more than is contained in a pound of ordinary food. They are new to most people living in this country but we find them spoken of in the highest terms in Roman, Jewish and Grecian history. No meal is complete without them for they give health, strength and long life. They supply the vim and brain force that make for success.

Every wife and mother who has at heart the welfare and health of her husband and children should know all about this food.

To tell you all about this delicious food and the many ways of serving and using it, would take up more space in this magazine than I am allowed to use, therefore, I ask you to write me and I will send you a beautifully illustrated book which contains the results of my study. Kindly address your letter to Miss A. B., care The Lyvola Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Remember I send this book free to readers of THE SEGNOGRAM and all I ask of you, is that you will agree to loan it to one or more of your friends after you have read it and acted upon its advice.

Do you agree? Then write to me at once as the supply is limited.

MIND THE MASTER OF THE MAN.

By W. J. Furry.

I hold that minds all come from God,
For thought is prime mover of the man;
Ever since he walked upon the sod
Mind has framed his every plan.

He thinks before the work's begun,
And then as steady as the light of day
His mind is out at the morning sun,
Giving him light upon his way.

"I with my flesh serve the Law of sin,
But with my mind the law of God."
If Paul was guide, let us follow him—
The mind is still the ruling rod.

We think some thoughts we never knew;
We think of things that ne'er were found;
The mind goes on and works them through,
And sometimes finds them close around.

And when the facts are rightly told,
And all the secrets are found out;
The mind's the moving of the soul,
When all things cease to be a doubt.

If I were tall enough to reach the pole—
Could grasp the ocean in my span—
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

We acknowledge receipt of the *Transvaal Christmas Annual* and the *Weekly Courier*, of Launceston, Tasmania.

They are filled with most interesting matter relative to those great empires of the future, showing by artistic photogravures the points of greatest interest in the cities, towns and villages, on the farms and in the mining districts of those vast, but little known countries.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

John J. Snyder has written a book on "How to Obtain Happiness and Health," and bases all his arguments on Holy Writ. He speaks in words that ring true, and so far as he sees the way, points man with a hand of love into it. His work deals largely with the healing powers of Jesus Christ, and contrasts the present day faith in medicine with the ancient faith in God. He deals with the question honestly and without fear, and there is just a touch of the prophets of old in his work. Goodman and Co., Publishers, Ravenswood Station, Chicago Ill. Price 50 cents.

Find the laziest man, and you have found the unhappiest man on earth.

A small community where the inhabitants have grown so well acquainted with each other that each holds the other in contempt, is the most trying place this side of purgatory for a man to develop the finer instincts of his moral being.



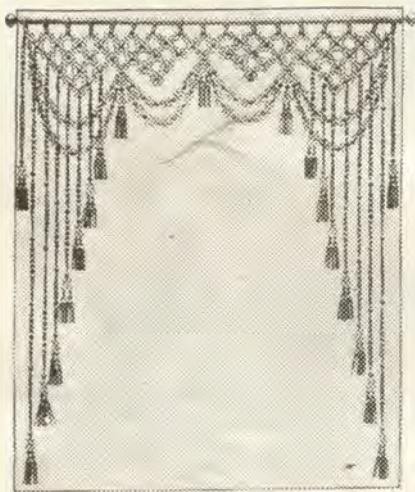
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and it may be a quick and absolute cure for you, for these methods frequently succeed after all others have failed. **Booklets** fully explaining our methods **Sent Free to Everybody!** All afflicted people should read these **Free Booklets**. Send for them now. You will enjoy reading them.

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Do you want to keep all that has ever appeared in **THE SEGNOGRAM**? Have you all the copies from the first number? Different in size; aren't they? That makes it bad—very unhandy to keep that way. We recognize it now, but did not then—when the size was changed. We want to remedy it. Many of our readers have asked us to reprint the matter which appeared in the large-sized magazine so as to make it a single-volume book the size of the magazine as it appears today—its permanent size.

We have decided to do more than this. We shall re-produce Volumes 1, 2 and 3 in a single book, provided enough of our readers write us that they want the book. We shall take orders for this three-volume book now, and shall turn it over to the printers just as soon as we receive sufficient orders to make the job pay for itself. This book will be handsomely bound and printed from a new face of type. It will present a very attractive appearance, and will contain everything that has ever appeared in **THE SEGNOGRAM**. The price will be only \$1.50, postpaid in the United States and Canada. Add 25 cents to all foreign countries. Order at once. We shall notify you when the book is ready.

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Of Health, Happiness and Success. This is a booklet that tells of the **Healing Power** within yourself. It is based largely on the occult philosophy of the **Hindu Adepts and Masters of India**. One lady who received the booklet writes: "I have read and re-read it many times, and always find something new. I do not think I ever read anything that possessed for me such fascination." Another says, "Accept my thanks for the precious message which you sent me."

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